

De La Soul Lyrics

"Property Of Spitkicker.com"

(feat. Roc Marciano)

Control
Control alt
Shift command
Commanding crowds
Crowd option
Vehicle option
Instrument intern
Quantity 17 played back
Property of Spitkicker.com

[Posdnuos:]

Yo, a slow burn we are
Last long three man act to wake up your thermostat
Blood through the property line
Creative minds crossover and back
Scribble with my knife to earn that slice of life
Cut back, aim, shot the name wherever the price is right
The pain earned is the pain learned and it's talking like burn
Connect (to the same as it ever was)
Respect the lane cause it never flood, it's well irrigated
Looking for my vanity, it's there, the mirror hate it
State it, stop being an MC and give your verses more weight
For being just empty, thoughts are oxidised when I spit em out
And my lungs prefer tastes encrypted words laced to get them out home
We're removal service to get kings out the throne
(More hands on) With hands upon the neck
Of a voice magnifier over decks
The sound is found at the young's in the batch
Lovely how I let my mind flow
You can catch me in the early morning
Find me out with no yawning
Have it been asleep I'm on Q
8 in the corner pocket from the booth all 24 hours like it was our debut
Life edited my etiquette
Dreams beyond your eons
You can't wait this out
Start blitz, starring it's that crew who never call the splits convey lines made from outer spine
So the nerve of us to be so damned crushed
Grit like JDL and we sip from the grail
With a current course connect, so we not unsung
Just vets, this mission's undone

[Roc Marciano:]

We getting loot in this, removed from this
We're true in this
Baby you already know who it is

We've been doing this
We've been doing this
In true to this, it's Yoo-Hoo n' some tunafish
Catch flights, hit the stewardess
We've been doing this
We've been doing this

It's a honour and a pleasure
Rappers is not try and see me like a diamond tester
I'm all alone, I'm like a silent investor
Well dressed, my suit and vest is never polyester
Keep a shottie on the dresser
My queen look like a young pepper
Up in her plump compress her
My tongue is forever under the weather, however
My heart was still lighter than a feather
Culturally, snort em like cocoa leaf
Them niggas suck more milk - no tea
I'm on the low though in my Polo tee
The show cost money but the promo's free
My pen collection is interesting
No steal, still niggas will feel threatened
My genetics is comedic
Driven in lanes I was looking angelic
Psychedelic, if you was like it I can sell it
But I don't fuck with that sweet shit, I'm diabetic
This is rapping at it's peak
The bird steady yapping at the beat
Come for parakeet
You're not unique, you're no Kool Keith
Shit is more parody
You get with the hall of rhymes distributor
The verse might rend you an Ed Sullivan

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[Dave:]

Yo put that bread on all fours The Catcher in the Rye
New York City lights look dirty in July
4th, no fireworks will dangle in the sky
Like right there, feeling the night air
Promoting the fair fight
Square dance, men at the face off
Crooked eye letters from Madoff, apologise
Long journeys walking cold hard facts

Once you turn up there, there's no turning back
My cocaine flow's the flows that I crack
The hemline, versus all my land
What did your man?
They hard working through on the scale
I'm Joe Pressure on the disk, so messy on the disk
Puerto Rican mams call me floppy
Leap a tall feeling in a single bound
Way over your head like my ex-girl talking bout mind sex
(Well you're A dickhead)
Two texts away from aww shit
Cause I'm an old fart
Go campaign raise the age
Stay fresh like a pound of sage
That could rake the pound amount of figures
Watch the way they crown is staged
Sipped Crown but I was down in age
See the sailor took a sip so the whole ship drowned in grey
Classmates couldn't find a page
Had the answers written in palm over since power was played

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